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George Graham Vest.

In a recent interview with the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, Senator Vest said: "I have made up my mind to go out of public life, and to do so and to make any other result."

This reiteration of Senator Vest's position on the senatorial question will surprise no one in Missouri who is acquainted with the firm integrity of the "little giant." Since Senator Vest's declaration before the Missouri legislature in joint session assembled at Jefferson City on the occasion of his last election, to the effect that he would not seek re-election, we have never doubted his earnestness of assertion and hence have paid little attention to the efforts made by some of his friends to have him seek a continuation of his seat in the upper branch of the nation's legislature after his present term shall have expired. Geo. Vest has never stood in a false light before the people of this state and will retire from the senate the possessor of the fullest esteem and highest admiration of the people whom he has represented so long and so well.

For years Vest has stood upon the floor of the United States senate, representing one of the grandest states in the union, the peer of any man who took part in the deliberations of that staid and dignified body. Ever on the alert and wide-awake to the interests of his party, no assault upon democracy has ever passed unchallenged and no oral or written defamation of Missouri has ever escaped stinging rebuke and merited chastisement at the hands of this man whom the people of Missouri have so thoroughly and meritoriously trusted.

The place of George Graham Vest in the history of his country and his party is written on pages to which not only his future posterity can turn with pride and the glorious gratification that not a blur rests thereon, but his example will serve as a beacon light for future generations in their struggles for liberty, for freedom from the clutches of the oppressor, for government of, by and for the people. His rule has ever been that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that the people are sovereign and that in this country the hope of the masses lies in the democratic party.

The passing of George G. Vest from the scenes of political action in Missouri is like unto the passing of some landmark that every Missourian has learned to revere. It carries with it a deep pathos, a feeling of mingled sorrow and regret that reaches into and thoroughly permeates every county in the state—a feeling akin to that of him who has lost his dearest friend and most trusted counsellor. What a heritage for man to fall heir to! How abundant the priceless riches of him who possesses the love of his people!

With the advent of the March winds of 1903 Mr. Vest will lay aside the spotless toga worn so long and return to his state to spend the remainder of his days amid the scenes and surroundings dearest his heart. His home coming will be gladdened by the chirp of the spring-bird, the unfolding into full blown beauty of the bud of the rose and the taking on of their garb of green by the forests of Saline, all as if welcoming home him whom all Missourians want to honor. Mid such surroundings, interspersed with the sere and yellow leaf of the fall-time and the snows of winter will the remainder of his days be spent.

At a meeting of the Missouri board of fund commissioners, held at Jefferson City on Monday of this week, a call was made for payment, January 1, 1901, of \$300,000 in outstanding bonds. This is the second call during the past three months and will reduce the debt the first day of the coming year to \$1,287,000, every penny of which will be paid during the year 1902. Some more of the Globe-Democrat's democratic mismanagement.

It is to be hoped that the meetings now in vogue in Lexington will result in such a religious shaking up as the town has never before known. May the fullest measure of success attend Dr. Wharton and the ministers of Lexington in their efforts.

What of the Future?

Well may every Missouri democrat ask of himself this question—"What of the future?"

Things in this state are not as they should be. Apparently we are drifting away from safe moorings and out upon the dangerous seas of self destruction. Where wise counsel should prevail and sober, second thought should govern, abuse and vituperation are creeping in, tearing party friendships asunder and building most unsafely for the future welfare of the democratic party.

It cannot be denied that under present conditions in this state too much attention is paid to men and not enough to measure. In their struggles for a seat in the United States senate candidates and their friends are forgetting the fact that they have a common enemy to fight and have turned loose with the apparent intention of destroying each other. Like foolish men they are building their houses upon the sands to be washed away by a flood of that peculiar brand of "commercialism" employed by republican leaders to attain their purposes.

The democratic party, both in past history and contemplative future achievement, is too near and dear to the masses of the American people to be hacked to death on account of the personal ambitions of men, and those who are indulging in this demoralizing warfare within the party ranks should stop for a breathing spell and ponder earnestly and well. Let the ambitious leader put to himself and answer the question, "who am I?" The answer must be "a mere atom that goes to make up the forces of a great political party. I must die, but this party must live on forever. Its principles and teachings are imperishable."

If every party leader in Missouri should not survive the month the principles of democracy would push on as though these men never lived. Democracy means the people, the leader the individual.

Up to a short while since it was true that only here and there some newspaper writer was saying things that must surely bring home to him pangs of regret in the future. Journalistic abuse at that time did not come from the more influential papers of the state, but mainly from men of small calibre who reckoned not as to the results of their utterances. Like a decomposing apple, however, this minor influence for evil is finding its way to its healthier brother and causing him, too, to show indications of party decay. Only recently one of the state's strongest advocates of democratic principles came out and charged Gov. Stone with being under the influences of a corrupt lobby. We speak in no spirit of acrimonious censure or of journalistic censorship, but state with serious earnestness that we regret this late outburst on the part of the Warrensburg Journal-Democrat.

You may be for Stone.

You may be for Clark.

You may be for DeArmond.

But can you win with either unless we elect a democratic legislature? What would it profit the friends of either of these men to have their favorite become the choice of the minority in the legislature for Mr. Vest's seat in the senate?

Every fling that is made by one democrat at another encourages the republicans to greater effort. They see that moth and rust are entering in that must needs divide the democratic party and upon the fruits of that division they hope to thrive.

Do they reason well?

Look to Kansas City. Every representative in the Missouri legislature chosen last year from Jackson county was a republican, save one from the eastern district. What occasioned this state of affairs? Factionalism in the ranks of democracy and abuse of one democrat by another.

Seriously, brethren of the democratic press of Missouri, can't we cease to war among ourselves and turn our guns upon the common enemy? If there be things wrong within our own political household let us right them at home and not place them as clubs in the hands of our enemies with which to brain us. We have all to gain and nothing to lose by abandoning this suicidal course that has been adopted by some of the newspapers of the state and we beseech our co-workers in the vineyard of Missouri democratic journalism to so see it.

So far Pat Crowe has not presented himself to the authorities at Omaha to answer to the charge of having kidnapped the Cudahy child. And incidentally we might state that Bossie Francis is still at large.

America Will Govern.

The new Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian canal treaty was formally signed at Washington Tuesday of this week by Sir Julian Pauncefote, representing the British government, and Secretary of State Hay, representing the United States.

This new treaty abrogates, outright, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and inasmuch as changes were made in the original Hay-Pauncefote treaty to conform to the demands of the senate it would seem assured that the recent official action of Messrs. Hay and Pauncefote will be ratified by that body, insuring the building of the canal.

There is little doubt but that in the beginning it was intended by the dominant political party in this country to allow England to insert its finger into this piece of inviting international pie, but such a howl went up from the democratic party and many patriotic republicans throughout the land that these intentions were frustrated.

A comparison of the original and the new treaties will be found of interest.

The original Hay-Pauncefote treaty: Contained no provisions for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but, according to the members of the senate, revived that instrument.

Accorded to the United States the right to construct and to provide for the regulation and management of the canal.

Provided for the neutrality of the canal in time of peace and war, binding Great Britain, as well as the United States, to preserve and maintain this principle.

Prohibited the erection of fortifications commanding the canal or the waters adjacent.

Required the address of an invitation to others powers to adhere to the treaty.

The newly signed treaty, which will more than probably be ratified by the senate and go into effect, insuring a waterway across the isthmus, connecting the two great oceans:—

Absolutely and unreservedly abrogates the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

Authorizes the ownership, construction, regulation and control of the canal by the United States.

Provides for the neutrality of the canal, in time of peace, under the sole guarantee of the United States. In time of war, the United States can close the canal to the ships of an enemy.

No prohibition against nor is any reference made in the treaty to fortification. The United States is authorized to take such measures for its defense as it may deem advisable.

George W. Trigg.

In the death of George W. Trigg at Richmond a few days ago Missouri lost one of its best known newspaper men and the profession a member of whom it had never had cause to feel ashamed.

Like others of the craft Mr. Trigg had his days of sorrow as well as those of gladness—like other newspaper workers he had frequently met ingratitude where appreciation should have been manifest, but, undismayed, he toiled on for the betterment of his town, county and state. Could all the words ever written by the dead editor in praise of Grand Old Missouri, of Ray county and of Richmond be gotten together under one cover it would form an immense volume teeming with affectionate expression for the land of his nativity.

From the Richmond Conservator the following biographical sketch of the deceased is clipped:

"George Wasson Trigg was a native Missourian and was born on the Wakenda Prairie, in the eastern part of Ray county, on November 30th, 1846, and was nearing his fifty-fifth birthday when death claimed him. He was a son of the late Haden S. Trigg, a native of Tennessee, who came to Missouri and settled in Ray county in 1844. Mr. Trigg received his education in the public schools of Ray county and afterwards taught school in Illinois, later returning to Missouri and entering the law office of the late Col. C. T. Garner in this city. In the fall of 1869 he accepted a position as book-keeper in the Ray County Savings bank, and three years later was elected cashier of that institution, which position he held for two years. After retiring from the position of cashier, he went to St. Louis and engaged in book-keeping, returning to Richmond two years later and accepting the position of deputy circuit clerk under the late John W. Spurlock, serving for two years. In 1878 he was elected clerk of the Ray county court on the democratic ticket, and was re-elected to the same office in 1882, serving eight years in all. In September, 1886, he bought the Richmond Conservator from Col. Jacob T. Child and was its editor and publisher for nearly fifteen years, ill health having made it necessary for him to dispose of the paper last July. He

was well known to the newspaper men of Missouri, and in 1898 his fellow-newspaper men elected him president of the Missouri Press Association, the highest honor they could bestow upon him. He had also been a member of the Missouri legislature, having represented his county in the 37th general assembly. Mr. Trigg was united in marriage on June 26th, 1873, in this city, to Miss Julia M. Jenkins, and to this union three children were born, two sons and one daughter.

Mr. Nelson's Mistake.

Mr. W. R. Nelson, of the Kansas City Star, presumed too much upon the intelligence of the readers of the Kansas City Times when it was a democratic newspaper when he assumed that he could hold them on his subscription list and choke such policies down their throats as he advocated at the white house a few weeks since. Such political creed as that advocated by the Star-Times at that time may find ready readers and supporters in Kansas, but it will not go in Missouri, even among republicans. In cheapening the subscription price of his newspaper in order to get people to take it, Mr. Nelson errs. 'Tis not the price of the service Missourians object to, but the rotten and nauseating policies of Col. Nelson's newspaper.

Death of Mrs. Burden.

Death entered a Lexington home on Monday last and robbed it of its most priceless inmate—wife and mother. After a short illness of pneumonia Mrs. David Eda Harrison Burden, wife of Judge John E. Burden, succumbed to the ravishes of disease, mortality gave way to the immortal and the soul returned to the God who gave it. Though her last sickness was of brief duration Mrs. Burden had been a sufferer for many years, ever bearing her ills with a fortitude born alone of Christian hope and patience.

Mrs. Burden was a woman highly esteemed by all who knew her and in addition to the irreparable loss that her death causes to husband and child the community meets separation from her companionship with feeling of the most intense pain and regret.

Surely of late this has been a stricken home. For days Miss Maude Burden occupied a bed of sickness with only a vapor curtain separating her from the realms of mystery beyond, the victim of a severe attack of typhoid fever. Recovery, sought through every means of medical skill and as it in answer to earnest prayer, came, only to be followed soon by the illness of Mrs. Burden, the finality of which was a visitation of the dread death angel.

The deceased lady was a native of Kentucky—Girard County. She was a daughter of David Ellis and Elizabeth Bowman Harrison and was married to John E. Burden November 10, 1875, since which time she had been a resident of Lexington.

In addition to the husband, a daughter, Miss Arline, and Miss Maude Burden, as dear as an own child, survive and with her at the time of her death was also her sister, Mrs. M. P. Bradshaw, of Edwardsville, Ill. No word that we might write could lend balm to the wounded hearts of these relatives and to attempt consolation seems to us mockery. Their's is a sorrow that time alone can soften, one so deep and persistently earnest that even the coming and going of the years will never effectively efface it. The sweetest solace to them lies in the promise of future life—a family reunion beyond that cannot be broken even by the changes of the centuries to follow. To those so afflicted can Christian hope alone lend a soothing, consoling influence.

Early in life Mrs. Burden allied herself with the Presbyterian church, but later became a member of the Christian church. Her life is said to have been so marked by Christian attribute and example that doubtless as she died she could see the gates ajar and the Bethlehem Child beckoning her on to glory. To follow the example she set means another meeting of the family circle and therein is the one bright gleam of hope that penetrates the pall of gloom that surrounds those most deeply bereaved in the trouble that has befallen them.

The funeral of Mrs. Burden took place on Wednesday afternoon. Services were conducted at the home by Elder E. J. Fenstermaeber, of the Christian church, assisted by Dr. E. C. Gordon, of the Presbyterian church. There were many floral offerings of beauty that added their silent, perfumed attestation to the high esteem in which the deceased was held in this community. Interment at Machpelah. According to promise, a life of eternal peace and joy is her's.

If President Roosevelt feels disposed to snub Boss Kerens we surely have no objection to interpose.

WOOLING IN THE SIXTIES.

BY INA M. PORTER, GREENVILLE, ALA.

When the scarlet lips of summer
Touched the roses as they grew,
When the karyids were telling
What poor Katy didn't do,
Came the languid month of August,
Moving waist deep in the corn,
Filled the cup of morning-glories
With the daws of sunny morn.
Woofing, woofing, till October,
In a pretty cap and gown,
Till the doors of sad November
Spread her russet carpets down.

When the sun had left the berries,
And had turned the peach's cheek
From its green leaf to be bitten,
Then my love began to speak,
And call me ladies of the books
That we had read together,
And kept me fanning blushes down
Throughout the balmy weather,
Thus he wooed me till October,
In her petticoats so bright;
Tracked with little golden slippers,
Here and there a path of light.

He named me Walhelm's true Lenore
Nina, proud and strong and sweet;
From Goethe's winsome girls of song
To Zschokke's Marguerite.
He called me all things sweet he knew,
Inanimate or human;
But I was proudest when he said:
"O, little Southern woman."

Woofing, woofing, till October
Spread her russet carpets down;
When he wore a Dixie jacket
And I wore a homespun gown.

Once I heard him humming softly,
In low measured bits of tune:
"Ah! I have sighed to rest me!"
Then a silver-fingered moon
Looked that way and threw my image
Pencilled lightly on his breast,
As a shadow of the substance
Where his sighs would find a rest.
Woofing, woofing, till October,
In a hazel mantle bright,
Here and there through fading forest
Trailed a shining thread of light.

It was under sweet gum shadows
Leaning on a knotted vine,
Just beyond a woodchuck's hammer
Tapped a hollow-hearted pine;
Then again when lilies panted,
And the fireflies darted low;
When the sweet magnolia blossoms
Swung their incense to and fro
Woofing, woofing, till October
Spread her russet carpets down;
When he wore a Dixie jacket,
And I wore a homespun gown.

Ab, we saw the cloud fleet sailing
With white pennons idly free,
Westward ho! to silver islands
Drifting in a ro-y sea;
Heard the whistling birds of forest
Rouse September from her nap;
Watched the cunning, bright-eyed squirrels
Dropping chestnuts in her lap.
Woofing, woofing, till October,
In a petticoat so bright,
Tracked with little golden slippers
Here and there a ray of light.

'Twas an honest Southron's wooing,
Like a simple tale of old,
And I gave no simple answer
In a broken bit of gold.
I was queen, and my possessions
Were the roses on my breast,
And the golden rods were twisted
O'er my forehead for a crest.
Woofing, woofing, till October,
In a petticoat so bright,
Here and there with dainty slippers
Tracked a shining path of light.

Morning-glories found me blushing
In the shine of autumn sun;
And the young moon of November
Told the stars that I was won;
Then the lovely India summer,
Shaking down her yellow hair,
Veiled her face and died in beauty,
But the world seemed wondrous fair.
Thus he won me, when October
Laid her shining scepter down,
While he wore an old gray jacket,
And I wore a homespun gown.

Then he called me "Little Pauper,"
And I answered "Prison Bird!"
Though I could not laugh for weeping
At the meaning of each word.
Ah! the good God makes the poorest
With his holy presence bright,
And the old Confederate jacket
Is a treasure in my sight.

Woofing, woofing till October
Spread her russet carpets down;
When he wore a Dixie jacket,
And I wore a homespun gown.